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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. Volume I. 4to. pp. 670. London, 1830. Murray.

UNDER this modest title we have now before us—whether we consider the subject, the writer, or the performance itself—one of the most interesting pieces of biography that has ever adorned the literature of England. To the general reader the work will be found to be one of unflagging attractions; while to the more philosophical inquirer it will present the curious phenomenon of exhibiting the minds and characters of two of the most distinguished Poets of the age;—for it is as much the life and opinions of Moore as it is of Byron. In his estimates of the latter we trace his own modes of thinking and powers; and the exposition of the wide difference that existed between the natural ideas and poetical conceptions of these two celebrated men gives scope to very striking reflections, and imparts an inestimable value and charm to this book. With regard to its style and manner, also, it is a delightful production. Ease, the absence of pretension, clearness, entertaining anecdote, judicious selection, and acute remark, are its obvious qualities throughout; and though it has much to engage the deepest attention, we never peruse a narrative of which it could more truly be said, in the most favourable sense,—"He that runs might read." With this brief preface we shall hasten to offer a summary analysis of what has pleased us so much; following the course of time, and illustrating our Review as Mr. Moore has illustrated his Notices, with quotation and occasional observations.

Of Lord Byron, the author remarks, it might more justly, and in a far greater degree, be said than it was of Petrarch, that "his correspondence and verses together afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the poet is always identified with the man;"—and in his opening paragraph he allows that there was some foundation for another assertion, namely, that his Lordship was prouder of being descended from the Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied the Conqueror, than of having been the author of Childe Harold and Manfred. This, indeed, is not unlikely;—and the pride of birth is an ennobling sentiment, which ought not to be disrespected: on the contrary, it is much to be desired that it were more common among the higher ranks. Then would many a mean action be avoided, and many an honourable action performed, which we fear the existing state of society does not warrant us in concluding are to be discovered in its annals. Next to the pride of birth (we are treating of moral, and not of religious motives), the best guide and regulator of human conduct is a fine feeling of the worth of exalted approbation in the wise and good: to be esteemed by the estimable is a most excellent standard at which to aspire; and the man pos-

sessed of this ambition has in himself a principle similar to that which splendour of race allots to the scion of an illustrious line. Thus the poorest and the humblest amongst the various classes into which the British community is subdivided, may happily stand upon as sure and glorious an eminence as the first-born of the land—one of the best blessings of our free constitution! Does not Moore go side by side with Byron—the one from the middle ranks, and the other with all his Norman blood through haughty generations?

Another casual circumstance appears to have had a wonderful effect on the destinies of Lord Byron;—we allude to his having a lame or club-foot, of which Mr. Moore makes frequent mention.

"By an accident (he tells us) which, it is said, occurred at the time of his birth, one of his feet was twisted out of its natural position; and this defect (chiefly from the contrivances employed to remedy it) was a source of much pain and inconvenience to him during his early years. The expedients used at this period to restore the limb to shape were adopted by the advice, and under the direction, of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom Doctor Livingstone of Aberdeen corresponded on the subject; and his nurse, to whom fell the task of putting on these machines or bandages at bed-time, would often, as she herself told my informant, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the Psalms; and the first and twenty-third Psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds—'Don't forget this—for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old,—that is to say, the Old Testament—for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796.' The malformation of his foot was, even at this childish age, a subject on which he shewed peculiar sensitiveness. I have been told by a gentleman of Glasgow, that the person who nursed his wife, and who still lives in his family, used often to join the nurse of Byron when they were out with their respective charges, and one day said to her, as they walked together,—'What a pretty boy Byron is! what a pity he has such a leg!' On hearing this allusion to his infirmity, the child's eyes flashed with anger, and striking at her with a little whip which he held in his hand, he exclaimed impatiently,—'Dinna

speak of it!' Sometimes, however, as in after-life, he could talk indifferently, and even jestingly, of this lameness; and there being another little boy in the neighbourhood who had a similar defect in one of his feet, Byron would say, laughingly,—'Come and see the twa ladies with the twa club feet going up the Broad Street.'"

Again, describing his early days, (ten years of age, when he succeeded to the title,) his biographer remarks:

"Even under the most favourable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character; and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and which shewed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs. Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In the few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his 'Memoranda,' though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least, those that had made the deepest impression—were of a painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him 'a lame brat.' As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, 'The Deformed Transformed,'

'Bertha. Out, hunchback!
Arnold. I was born so, mother!'

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection."

We are ourselves aware of a remarkable circumstance of the same nature. In one of the unhappy altercations to which Mrs. Byron's violence of temper gave rise, she covered George with many reproaches; and among other things said, "You ought at least to recollect that I am your mother; that you owe your birth to me!" To which he flashed out the bitter reply, "Yes, I have to thank you for giving birth to a monster!"

The following anecdotes relating to the same topic are from Mr. Moore: speaking of his attachment, at the age of little more than sixteen, to Miss Chaworth (afterwards Mrs. Musters), he says:

"His time at Anneley was mostly passed in riding with Miss Chaworth and her cousin,—sitting in idle reverie, as was his custom, pulling at his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens upon the terrace, and which still, I believe, bears the marks of his shots. But his chief delight was in sitting to hear Miss Chaworth play; and the pretty Welsh air, 'Mary Anne,' was (partly, of course, on account of the name) his especial favourite. During all this time he had the pain of knowing that the heart of her he loved was occupied by another;—that, as he himself expresses it,

'Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.'

Neither is it, indeed, probable, had even her affections been disengaged, that Lord Byron would, at this time, have been selected as the object of them. A seniority of two years gives to a girl, on the eve of womanhood, an advance into life, with which the boy keeps no proportionate pace. Miss Chaworth looked upon Byron as a mere schoolboy. He was in his manners, too, at that period, rough and odd, and (as I have heard from more than one quarter) by no means popular among girls of his own age. If, at any moment, however, he had flattered himself with the hope of being loved by her, a circumstance mentioned in his 'Memoranda,' as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him, must have let the truth in, with dreadful certainty, upon his heart. He either was told of, or overheard, Miss Chaworth saying to her maid, 'Do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?' This speech, as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. Though late at night when he heard it, he instantly darted out of the house, and scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead. The picture which he has drawn of this youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, 'The Dream,' shows how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of this life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre. The old hall at Anneley, under the name of 'the antique oratory,' will long call up to fancy the 'maiden and the youth' who once stood in it; while the image of the 'lover's steed,' though suggested by the unromantic race-ground of Nottingham, will not the less conduce to the general charm of the scene, and share a portion of that light which only Genius could shed over it. He appears already, at this boyish age, to have been so far a proficient in gallantry as to know the use that may be made of the trophies of former triumphs in achieving new ones; for he used to boast, with much pride, to Miss Chaworth, of a locket which some fair favourite had given him, and which probably may have been a present from that pretty cousin, of whom he speaks with such warmth in another place. He was also, it appears, not a little aware of his own beauty, which, notwithstanding the tendency to corpulence derived from his mother, gave promise, at this time, of that peculiar expression into which his features refined and kindled afterwards. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth."

When more advanced in years, viz. nineteen, we are told:

"In his attention to his person and dress,

to the becoming arrangement of his hair, and to whatever might best shew off the beauty with which nature had gifted him, he manifested, even thus early, his anxiety to make himself pleasing to that sex, who were, from first to last, the ruling stars of his destiny. The fear of becoming, what he was naturally inclined to be, enormously fat, had induced him, from his first entrance at Cambridge, to adopt, for the purpose of reducing himself, a system of violent exercise and abstinence, together with the frequent use of warm-baths. But the embittering circumstance of his life,—that which haunted him, like a curse, amidst the buoyancy of youth, and the anticipations of fame and pleasure, was, strange to say, the trifling deformity of his foot. By that one slight blemish (as in his moments of melancholy he persuaded himself) all the blessings that nature had showered upon him were counterbalanced. His reverend friend, Mr. Becher, finding him one day unusually dejected, endeavoured to cheer and rouse him by representing, in their brightest colours, all the various advantages with which Providence had endowed him,—and, among the greatest, that of 'a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind.' 'Ah, my dear friend,' said Byron, mournfully,—'if this (laying his hand on his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, that (pointing to his foot) places me far, far below them.'

We have dwelt perhaps too much on this point; but it had so momentous an influence on Byron's fate and genius, that it becomes a matter of great interest. Exempt from the mortifications to which his lameness subjected his sensitive spirit, he might have been a gay and heedless reveller in the fashionable circles, instead of the immortal bard; indeed, it is evident that he never would have been the latter, but for the morbid and misanthropic temperament, and the actual consequences at home and abroad, of which this defect laid the foundations. We now revert to other matters.

Of the ancestors, &c. of the noble Lord, we shall say nothing; but quote the writer's deduction, after describing them, their eccentricities, their fierce resentments, their good qualities, and their deeds.

"In reviewing thus cursorily the ancestors, both near and remote, of Lord Byron, it cannot fail to be remarked how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best and perhaps worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors,—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness, of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity, and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterised others."

His mother's marriage was an unfortunate one;—and on the 22d of January, 1788, George, her only son, was born, in Holles Street, London. That Lord B., like almost all persons of genius, was somewhat inclined to superstition, the following will shew.

"In reference to the circumstance of his being an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions some curious coincidences in his family, which to a mind disposed as his was to regard every thing connected with himself as out of the ordinary course of events, would naturally appear even more strange and singular than they are. 'I have been thinking,' he says, 'of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), my wife (2), my half-sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), and myself (7), are, or were, all only children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my

half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of only children, all tending to one family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost.' He then adds characteristically, 'But the fiercest animals have the fewest numbers in their litters, as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison.'

"In addition to the natural tendency to superstition which is usually found connected with the poetical temperament, Lord Byron had also the example and influence of his mother, acting upon him from infancy, to give his mind this tinge. Her implicit belief in the wonders of second sight, and the strange tales she told of this mysterious faculty, used to astonish not a little her sober English friends; and it will be seen, that, at so late a period as the death of his friend Shelley, the idea of fates and forewarnings, impressed upon him by his mother, had not wholly lost possession of the poet's mind. As an instance of a more playful sort of superstition, I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me of him by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead, with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow, and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that, as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. 'Then give it to me,' he cried eagerly; 'for that's just the thing I want.' The young lady refused;—but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said, she never should see her amulet again.

"When he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, it seems, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as it flourished so should he. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. In this circumstance, which happened soon after Lord Grey de Ruthen left Newstead, originated a poem which consists of five stanzas, but of which the few opening lines will be a sufficient specimen:—

'Young Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And Ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds, that surround thee, can hide.
I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire, &c. &c."

"At Newstead (when he arrived there at ten years of age), both the mansion and the grounds around it were suffered to fall helplessly into decay; and among the few monuments of either care or expenditure which the lord left behind, were some masses of rockwork, on which much cost had been thrown away, and a few castellated buildings on the banks of the lake and in the woods. The forts upon the lake were designed to give a naval appearance to its waters; and frequently, in his more social days, he used to amuse himself with sham fights,—his vessels attacking the forts, and being cannonaded by them in return. The largest of these vessels had been built for him at some seaport on the eastern coast, and, being conveyed on wheels over the Forest to Newstead, was supposed to have fulfilled one

of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, which declared that 'when a ship laden with *ling* should cross over Sherwood Forest, the Newstead estate would pass from the Byron family.' In Nottinghamshire, '*ling*' is the term used for *heather*; and, in order to bear out Mother Shipton and spite the old lord, the country people, it is said, ran along by the side of the vessel, heaping it with heather all the way."

Elsewhere we have other examples of this disposition. Of Captain Kidd, with whom he sailed to Lisbon in 1809, he used to mention a strange story.

"This officer stated that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was, at that time, in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished: but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

Of his Lordship's infancy, Mr. M. says: "That, as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats he shewed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited, when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his 'silent rages' (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censor and her wrath at defiance. But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task."

"His love of solitary rambles, and his taste for exploring in all directions, led him not unfrequently so far as to excite serious apprehensions for his safety. While at Aberdeen, he used often to steal from home unperceived;—sometimes he would find his way to the seaside; and once, after a long and anxious search, they found the adventurous little rover struggling in a sort of morass or marsh, from which he was unable to extricate himself. In the course of one of his summer excursions up Dee-side, he had an opportunity of seeing still more of the wild beauties of the Highlands than even the neighbourhood of their residence at Ballaltrach afforded,—having been taken by his mo-

ther through the romantic passes that lead to Invercauld, and as far up as the small waterfall, called the Linn of Dee. Here his love of adventure had nearly cost him his life. As he was scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot, and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed. It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and shewed how early, in this passion, as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened.* The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a journal, kept by him in 1813, will shew how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory. 'I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect!—My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Co.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the merest children. I had and have been attached fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love, in our way. How the deuce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl, were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage, several years after, was like a thunder-stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as

ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown, dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now*; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkynses, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A., who was well acquainted with my childish *penchant*, and had sent the news on purpose for me,—and, thanks to her! Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But; the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

Without at present entering into the author's opinions respecting the first inspirations of the noble poet, we shall quote what he states of their first fruits—(1798).

"It was about this period, according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming shewed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows. An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expression that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. 'Well, my little hero,' she asked, 'what's the matter with you now?' Upon which the child answered, that 'this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her,' &c. &c.; and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

'In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon.'

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his 'first dash into poetry,' as he calls it, a year later; but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving."

From his first poetry we naturally slide into his first love, with the childish exception here excepted.

"It was, probably, during one of the vacations of this year (1800), that the boyish love for his young cousin, Miss Parker, to which he attributes the glory of having first inspired him with poetry, took possession of his fancy. 'My first dash into poetry,' he says, 'was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes

* "Dante, we know, was but nine years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice; and Alfieri, who was himself a precocious lover, considers such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts:—Effeiti (he says, in describing the feelings of his own first love) che poche persone intendono, e pochissime provano: ma a quel soli pochissimi è concesso l'uscir dalla follia volgare in tutte le umane arti." Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old."

—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful) died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, through the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who (residing with her grandmother, Lady Holderness, and seeing but little of me, for family reasons) knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow—all beauty and peace. My passion had its usual effects upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest; and although I had reason to know that she loved me, it was the texture of my life to think of the time which must elapse before we could meet again—being usually about twelve hours of separation! But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

At Aberdeen till ten years old; thence to Newstead, on succeeding to his title; two years with Dr. Glennie, at his academy at Dulwich; Harrow school till seventeen; and Trinity College, Cambridge, for about three years,—are data which we need only indicate, as more important matters demand our regards. Of his school life he has preserved many notes, whence his biographer has made many interesting selections.

"Coming, as they do, from his own pen, it is needless to add, that they afford the liveliest and best records of this period that can be furnished. 'Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics, as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from reviews, because I was never seen reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never met with a review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true; for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them, 'What is a review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806-7. At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my general information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical; and Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master), had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my

copiousness of declamation, and my action.* I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poetry. Peel, the orator and statesman ('that was, or is, or is to be'), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public-school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c. I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing. The prodigy of our school-days was George Sinclair (son of Sir John); he made exercises for half the school (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it.

He was a friend of mine, and in the same remove, and used at times to beg me to let him do my exercise,—a request always most readily accorded upon a pinch, or when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. On the other hand, he was pacific, and I savage; so I fought for him, or thrashed others for him, or thrashed himself to make him thrash others, when it was necessary, as a point of honour and stature, that he should so chastise;—or we talked politics,—for he was a great politician,—and were very good friends. I have some of his letters, written to me from school, still. Clayton was another school-monster of learning, and talent, and hope; but what has become of him I do not know. He was certainly a genius. My school friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare begun one of the earliest and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word 'Clare' without a beating of the heart even now, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 *ad infinitum*.

"The general character which he bore among the masters at Harrow was that of an idle boy, who would never learn any thing; and, as far as regarded his tasks in school, this reputation was, by his own avowal, not ill founded. It is impossible, indeed, to look through the books which he had then in use, and which are scribbled over with clumsily interlined translations, without being struck with the narrow extent of his classical attainments. The most ordinary Greek words have their English signification scrawled under them,—showing too plainly that he was not sufficiently familiarised with their meaning to trust himself without this aid.

* "For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages,—such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. On one of these public occasions, when it was arranged that he should take the part of Drances, and young Peel that of Turnus, Lord Byron suddenly changed his mind, and preferred the speech of Latinus,—fearing, it was supposed, some ridicule from the inappropriate taunt of Turnus, 'Ventosa in lingua, pedibaque fuscibus litis.'

Thus, in his Xenophon, we find *vis, young-squash, bodies—adiposus vis adiposus, good men, &c. &c.*—and even in the volumes of Greek Plays, which he presented to the library on his departure, we observe, among other instances, the common word *zozos* provided with its English representative in the margin. But, notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship, on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted, in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonderful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, with a zest which it is in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire; and the irregular, but ardent, snatches of study which he caught in this way gave to a mind like his an impulse forwards, which left more disciplined and plodding competitors far behind. The list, indeed, which he has left on record of the works, in all departments of literature, which he thus hastily and greedily devoured before he was fifteen years of age, is such as almost to startle belief,—comprising, as it does, a range and variety of study, which might make much older 'helluones librorum' hide their heads.

"To a youth like Byron, abounding with the most passionate feelings, and finding sympathy with only the ruder parts of his nature at home, the little world of school afforded a vent for his affections, which was sure to call them forth in their most ardent form. Accordingly, the friendships which he contracted both at school and college were little less than what he himself describes them, 'passions.' The want he felt at home of those kindred dispositions, which greeted him among 'Ida's social band,' is thus strongly described in one of his early poems:—

'Is there no cause beyond the common claim,
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers, friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home:
Those hearts, dear Ida, have I found in thee,
A home, a world, a paradise to me.'

This early volume, indeed, abounds with the most affectionate tributes to his school-fellows. Even his expostulations to one of them, who had given him some cause for complaint, are thus tenderly conveyed:—

'You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.
You knew—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures.
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.'

The following description of what he felt after leaving Harrow, when he encountered in the world any of his old schoolfellows, falls far short of the scene which actually occurred, but

* "Even previously to any of these school friendships, he had formed the same sort of romantic attachment to a boy of his own age, the son of one of his tenants at Newstead; and there are two or three of his most juvenile poems, in which he dwells no less upon the inequality than the warmth of this friendship. Thus:—

'Let Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with Vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth;
Yet envy not this gaudy state,
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November 1800."

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a few years before his death, in Italy,—when, on meeting with his friend Lord Clare, after a long separation, he was affected almost to tears by the recollections which rushed on him.

"If chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were all forgotten when my friend was found."

Of his parting with Miss Chaworth (1805)* we have also some early poetical records.

"With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth last farewell of her (as he himself used to his poem of 'The Dream,' he describes so happily, he declared, could have told how much he felt—for his countenance was calm, and his feelings restrained. 'The next time I see you,' said he, in parting with her, 'I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth;† and her answer was, 'I hope so.' It was before this interview that he wrote, with a pencil, in a volume of Madame de Maintenon's letters belonging to him, the following verses, which have never, I believe, before been published:—

"Oh Memory! torture me no more,
The present's all I care for;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past,
Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign?"

* Of the formation of this attachment, Mr. Moore says: "To the family of Miss Chaworth, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle, and had been made known, some time before, in London, young heirless himself combined with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and which we are speaking that the young poet, who was then in his sixteenth year, while the object of his adoration was about two years older, seems to have drunk deep of that fascination whose effects were to be so feeling for all life. He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newcastle, to take pictures of the Chaworths,—that he fancied of the would come down from their frames at night to haunt him." At length, one evening, he said gravely to Miss Chaworth and her cousin, "In going home last night I saw a bogie;—which Scotch term being wholly unintelligible to the young ladies, he explained that he had seen a ghost, and would not therefore return to Newcastle that evening. From this time, he always slept at Annesley, interrupted only by a short excursion to Matlock and Castleton, in which he had the happiness of accompanying Miss Chaworth and her party; and of which the following interesting notice appears in one of his memoranda:—When I was fifteen years of age, it happened that, in a cavern in Derbyshire, I had to cross in a which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon a water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman, (a sort of Charon), who wades at the stern, M. A. C., with whom I had been long in love, and never told me a party, a Mr. W., two Miss W.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Wood had been shied by our fathers, it would have joined two years my elder), and—and—and—what has been the result?"

Among the unpublished verses of his in his possession, I find the following fragment, written not long after his death:—

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
How above thy tufted shade I
Now no more, the hours, regaling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me."
The lady's husband, for some time, took her family

Ah! why those happy hours renew,
That never can be mine?
Past pleasure doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret;
Regret and hope are both in vain,
I ask but to—forget."

In the following year (1805) Miss Chaworth was married to his successful rival, present when the first intelligence of the event manner in which he received it. "I was pre-mother said, 'Byron, I have some news for you.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Take out your handkerchief first, for you will want it.' 'Non-sense!' 'Take out your handkerchief, I say,' married." An expression very peculiar, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, 'Is that all?' 'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief!' He something else."

We regret that our limits prevent us from going into the curious details respecting the publication of his first volume of poems, in 1806; but we must, at least, defer this portion of our task, and advance to the few remaining extracts we can now allow to this, though paramountly interesting, work—(1807).

"Whether the verses (says the author) I am now about to give are in any degree founded on fact, I have no accurate means of determining. Fond as he was of recording every particular of his youth, such an event, or rather era, as is here commemorated, would have been, of all others, the least likely to pass conversation nor in any of his writings do I remember even an allusion to it.* On the other hand, so entirely was all that he wrote—fancy—the transcript of his actual life and feelings, that it is not easy to suppose a poem so full of natural tenderness to have been indebted for its origin to imagination alone.

"To my Son,
Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, those dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my boy!
And thou canst lip a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,
No self-reproach—but let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my boy!
Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;

* "The only circumstance I know that bears even remotely on the subject of this poem, is the following:—About a year or two before the date affixed to it, he wrote a sonnet to whom Mrs. Byron herself communicated the circumstance, to say that he had lately had a good deal of to have been a favourite of his late friend Curzon, and who, finding herself after his death in a state of progress towards maternity, had declared Lord Byron was the father of her child. This he positively assured his mother that the child belonged to Curzon, as he did firmly, therefore entreated that his mother would have the kindness to take charge of it. Though such a request might temper more mild than Mrs. Byron's, she, notwithstanding, answered her son in the kindest terms, saying, that she would willingly receive the child as soon as it was born, and bring it up in whatever manner he desired, and was thus spared the being a tax on the good nature of any body."

Yet shall not these one hope destroy,
A father's heart is thine, my boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no! though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A father guards thy birth, my boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace—
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face—
Ere half my glass of life is run—
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my boy!

Although so young thy heedless fire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,
The breast which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledges, my boy!

But the most remarkable of these poems is one of a date prior to any I have given, being written in December 1806, when he was not yet nineteen years old. It contains, as will be seen, his religious creed at that period, and shews how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind.

"The Prayer of Nature.

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be ever forgiven?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile,
Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Yet doom his brother to reach the skies,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, crawling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of ether's space;
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace;
Thou, who in wisdom placest me here,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence,
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever woe or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

* "In this practice of dating his juvenile poems he followed the example of Milton, who (says Johnson), by which the learned Politian had given him an example, to the notice of posterity." The following trifle, written also by him in 1807, has never, as far I know, appeared in print:—

"Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell, a Carrier, who died of drunkenness.
John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
For the liquor he drank being too much for one.
He could not carry off—so now he carries on."
B—, Sept. 1807."

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

In another of these poems, which extends to about a hundred lines, and which he wrote under the melancholy impression that he should soon die, we find him concluding with a prayer in somewhat the same spirit. After bidding adieu to all the favourite scenes of his youth, he thus continues—

' Forget this world, my restless spirit,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heav'n:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven,
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's throne;—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive:
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.'

Into the discussion of Lord Byron's early religious infidelity we cannot follow his biographer, who, we think, is rather harsh on this point, as the habit of Lord Byron to exaggerate his own faults might have suggested some modification of the charge; but must indeed conclude, which, for the sake of variety, we do with an account of his departure from England to travel: it is given in a letter to Mr. Hodgson.

“ Falmouth, June 25th, 1809.

“ My dear Hodgson,—Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz. We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and 'all that,' as Orator Henley said, when he put the church, and 'all that,' in danger. This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by tway castles, St. Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St. Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St. Maws; but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St. Maws by a *coup de main*. The town contains many quakers and salt-fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the corporation therefore!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in

* “Annesley is, of course, not forgotten among the number—

‘ And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The rural spot which passion blest:
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,’ &c. &c.’

her behaviour, and damned the mayor. * * * Hodgson! remember me to the Drury, and remember me to—yourself, when drunk:—I am not worth a sober thought. Look to my Satire at Cawthorne's, Cockspur-street. * * * I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the ‘ stormy winds that (don't) blow’ at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict, sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab:—and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu. Yours, &c.’

“ In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed:—

“ Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

‘ Huza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the packet.
Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
‘ Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!’
‘ Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.’
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Snack together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon packet.
Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
‘ Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why, tis hardly three feet square:
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?’
‘ Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty—
Did once my vessel fill—
‘ Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.’
‘ Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
H* muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls;
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!—“ A couplet?—“ No a cup
Of warm water—
‘ What's the matter?’
‘ Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.’
Now at length we are off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Er'n on board the Lisbon Packet?’

On the 2d of July the packet sailed from Falmouth, and, after a favourable passage of

four days and a half, the voyagers reached Lisbon, and took up their abode in that city.”

René Caillié's Travels to Timbuctoo. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 475. Colburn and Bentley.

THE details of one of the most interesting expeditions into the interior of Africa, and one so successful as to lead the adventurer to the long-sought and hardly approached Timbuctoo, must excite great public curiosity in every quarter of the globe; for the thirst of African discovery has long since spread from England throughout the nations of the Continent, and France and Germany feel a common sympathy in the questions affecting the Niger's disputed course, and the character of those who inhabit its banks.

René Caillié (born in 1800 at Marseille) has, it seems, from his earliest years cherished that enthusiasm which fits a man for arduous travel; and his planet induced him to choose Africa for his field. When only sixteen, he sailed for Senegal in the brig *La Loire*, the companion of the unfortunate Méduse; and, more lucky than his associate, reached St. Louis in safety. After the failure of Major Peddie and Captain Campbell's attempt, our author set out to join that under Major Gray on the Gambia; and his over-land march gave him a seasoning of the climate. Circumstances, however, caused him to return to France; and it was 1818 before he got back to Senegal, where he attached himself to Monsieur Adrien Partarrieu, “ who had been sent by Major Gray to purchase at St. Louis the goods required by the King of Bondou, and was preparing to rejoin the expedition.” With this caravan, consisting of sixty or seventy men, black and white, and thirty-two camels richly laden, he set out on the 6th of February, 1819, from a village in the kingdom of Cayor, not far from the Senegal, and traversed that country, the intermediate desert, the country of the Yofols, that of the Foulas, and that of Bondou. But we do not purpose to pursue the track of this journey. The hardships they endured gave Caillié another seasoning; and rendered him more hardy for his greater effort to visit Timbuctoo.

In 1824 he once more quitted St. Louis, and proceeded to the Bracknas, where he made himself tolerably conversant with the Arabic, and the Moorish ceremonies, previous to undertaking his grand expedition. In this portion of his narrative there is much curious and entertaining matter respecting the Nalons, the Landamas, and the Bagos; but we leave it for the more novel accounts of the less known regions which he afterwards penetrated. Refused aid or countenance by both French and English governments on the coast, he tells us:—

“ Not having been able any where to obtain the necessary assistance for a journey to Timbuctoo, I determined to undertake it entirely at my own expense. I hoped also that when returned, the French government, ever just in its appreciation of courageous exertion, would reward the service which I should have rendered to geographical science, by making known the new countries which I intended to visit. Encouraged by these hopes, I gave in my resignation without regret; I was afterward actively engaged in procuring the goods I was likely to want, and laid out my savings in the purchase of paper, glass, and other articles. During my residence at Freetown, the capital of the colony of Sierra Leone, I became acquainted with some Mandingoes and seracoles.”

* The seracoles, or sarakolas, are a corporation

I won their confidence, and availed myself of it to gain information about the countries which I intended to visit. At last, to make sure of their friendship, I gave them a few trifles; and then I told them one day, with a very mysterious air, and a charge of secrecy, that I was born in Egypt, of Arabian parents, and that I had been carried into France, in my infancy, by some soldiers of the French army which had invaded Egypt; that I had afterwards been brought to the Senegal by my master, who in consideration of my services had given me my liberty. I added that, as I was now free, I felt a natural inclination to return to Egypt, to seek my relations, and to adopt the Mahometan religion."

Under this well-devised pretext he accomplished his daring adventure on the 19th of April, 1826, travelling along the Rio Nuñez, and accompanied by five free Mandingoes, three slaves, a Foulah porter, a guide and his wife. They were joined by Foulahs on their route; and from the narrative describing it, we now hastily select a few of the principal incidents. Of the Foulahs of Fouta he says—

"Some Foulahs travel to Bouré to procure gold, which they barter on the coast for muskets, gunpowder, glass trinkets, and other articles, with which they purchase slaves. The Foulahs are warlike, and ardently love their country. When at war they all take the field, without distinction, leaving only the old men and women at home. Many are armed with muskets and sabres, but the bow and the lance are the weapons of the majority. They all carry a poniard, the blade of which is in general straight, though I have seen some of them curved. These poniards are made in the country. They are dressed in a coussabé, which is commonly made of white stuff, and breeches, the fashion of which I have already described, of the same. They also wear a pagne, which they pass round the body, sandals, and a red cap. Their hair is plaited, and greased with butter. A Foulah seldom goes out without taking several lances in his hand. I remarked that their dress was always very neat and clean. They often wash the whole body, and always with tepid water. In every village there is a public school for the children. * * *

"They take a great deal of snuff, but do not smoke; and the tobacco purchased in our settlements is preferred by them to that which grows in their own country. The women are lively, handsome, and good tempered. They clean their teeth with snuff. Their dress, though simple, is always neat and clean. Like the whole of their sex throughout every part of the interior, they are completely subject to the will of their husbands. They never venture to take the slightest liberty with their lords and masters. On the other hand, I cannot say that I ever saw the husbands beat their wives. Like the Mandingoes, they may have four; the Koran does not permit them to take more. This privilege is, however, only exercised by the rich; the poor never have more than two wives. These women cultivate a little garden adjacent to their huts; they have detached sleeping-places, and they also take their meals separately, seldom eating together. Each in her turn prepares the husband's supper. He gives to each wife a cow, which she milks morning and evening."

On the 30th of May, Caillie joined a mercantile caravan, and on June 11 arrived at Courouassa, a village of Amana, on the left of the Dhioliba, where he says:

"It is an error to suppose that the sarakolas are a nation."

"I bought a fowl for two charges of gunpowder, and we had it cooked for supper. The fever had left me, and I now suffered only from a severe headache. I hastened to take a view of the Dhioliba, which had so long been the object of my curiosity. I observed that it flowed from S.W. to S. proceeding slowly to the E.N.E. for the distance of some miles, and then turns due east. A little to the north of the village I saw a sand-bank lying very near the left shore of the river. The channel for canoes is near the right bank. I seated myself for a moment to contemplate this mysterious river, respecting which the learned of Europe are so anxious to gain information. On the left bank, and pretty near the northern part of the village, there are hills between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet high, covered with young trees. The soil appeared to be red, and of the same kind as that of Sierra-Leone. * * * I watched its current, which flowed at the rate of about two miles and a half or three miles an hour. At this period it was about nine feet deep. This I calculated by the long pole which the boatmen used to push along the canoes. In this part it appeared as broad as the Senegal at Podor. The right bank is lower than the left, on which the village is situated, at an elevation of nearly a twentieth part of a mile above the water. I observed in the village many large bamboos, under the shade of which the old men assemble and spend part of the day in conversation. These people use much snuff; but they do not take it as we do in Europe, with the fingers; some use a small brush, and others a little iron spoon like an ear-pick. The negroes told me that the river begins to overflow in July, and that then they can go three miles over the plain in canoes. A great quantity of rice is grown on this plain. * * * Courouassa is a neat village, surrounded by a mud wall, from ten to twelve feet high, and from eight to ten inches thick; it contains between four and five hundred inhabitants. I observed that thousands of swallows, of the same kind as those seen in Europe, had built their nests in this wall. They were collected in flocks upon the trees, and I concluded that they were preparing to depart. Courouassa is entered by several low and narrow openings, which are closed by a thick plank made of a single tree. The town is shaded by bombaces and baobabs, and it is the principal of five small villages situated on the banks of the Dhioliba. This country is called Amana; the inhabitants are called Dhiolonkés, and are chiefly idolaters. They do not travel, but occupy themselves peaceably in the cultivation of their little fields, which are fertilised by the inundations of the river. They catch many fish with hooks, which they obtain from travellers coming from our settlements on the coast. They likewise fish with the fouène, an instrument consisting of three branches, with darts having teeth like a saw. A large piece of wood forms the handle of this instrument, which the natives use with great address. I saw a species of fish with a number of small bones like the carp. The people dry and smoke this fish, and sell it to their neighbours and the traders who pass through their country. Bouré is situated at the distance of a five days' passage down the river in a canoe. The voyage is thus divided: from Courouassa to Cabarala, one day; from Cabarala to Balaton, one day; from Balaton to the village of Dhioliba, one day; from Dhioliba to Boum-Bouriman, one day; from Boum-Bouriman to Bouré, proceeding a little way up the Tankisso, one day. Bouré is a mountainous country, containing a

number of rich gold mines, according to the account given to me by the natives. * * *

"I went, accompanied by my guide, to pay a visit to the chief, who, I was told, was a great warrior, and dreaded by his neighbours. We found him alone in his hut, employed in fastening a point to an arrow. A number of bows, arrows, and quivers, were hung up in various parts of the hut. He asked us to sit down on a bullock's hide, and Lamfia conversed with him. The conversation turned on me. He promised that we should cross the river next day. Travellers are rowed across by his slaves. He levies duties which are paid in European merchandise, such as gunpowder, tobacco, knives, scissors, &c. He also receives salt in payment of these duties, which render him tolerably rich. He told me that, out of respect to my rank of sheriff, he would allow me to pass duty free. The chief was a man about fifty years of age, five feet and some inches high. His countenance was mild, nay, even pleasing. On returning to our hut, we bought some fresh fish for supper. It was of the kind resembling the carp, which I have already mentioned. It measures about eight inches long, and four or five broad, and is very bony. The general food of the inhabitants is boiled rice, without salt, but seasoned with a sauce made of dry fish minced. They also eat fresh fish. With the fouène they make a sort of thick pudding, which they call tau. This is the sangleh of the Senegal. They eat this tau with a sauce made of herbs or pistachio nuts; the latter they cultivate very abundantly. As salt is beginning to be dear, they use it on festivals and rejoicing days only. They gather the fruit of the cé and nédé, from which they obtain butter. I saw some heaps of the seeds of these trees freshly gathered and exposed to the rain. They were already beginning to germinate. On the 13th of June we crossed the river in canoes, twenty-five feet long, three wide, and one deep. A great number of people were going across, and they were all disputing, some about the fare that was demanded, others about who should go first. They all talked at once, and made a most terrible uproar. The sarakolas had a great deal of trouble in getting their asses on board the canoes, and the parties who had crossed fired muskets in token of rejoicing, which augmented the tumult created by the disputes of the negroes. I was obliged to remain exposed to the sun the whole morning; for the banks of the river are very open. Along the left bank but one tree was visible. This was a large bombax, under which so many people had crowded for shade that I could not find room. I saw a number of women and girls bathing in the river. They were quite naked, but they seemed to care very little about the presence of the men. Having finished their ablutions, they returned to the village, with pagnes round their waists and calabashes on their heads. There were only four canoes for conveying between two hundred and fifty and three hundred persons, besides luggage. We were not all landed on the right bank until near eleven o'clock. The excessive heat had brought on me a severe headache, accompanied with fever. We proceeded onwards to the S.E. over good land, leaving behind us a few merchants who had not yet crossed the river. I was so ill that I experienced great difficulty in walking. The heat was intense, and I opened my umbrella to shelter me from the scorching rays of the sun; but some of my travelling companions advised me to shut it on approaching the villages, lest, as they said, it should excite the cupidity of the Kafir (infidels). We proceeded eastward. The road

was flooded, and in several places the water was ankle deep. We passed Sambarala, a village situated on the bank of the river, and surrounded by nédes and cés. We next pursued our course over a sandy soil, clothed with beautiful vegetation, among which I observed tamarind-trees. About three o'clock we arrived at Counanodo, where I saw some fine orange-trees. We had travelled nine miles in the course of the day."

These details shew the nature of the travelling and the productions of the soil. The reckonings with their hosts were paid all along with a little tobacco and salt.

(To be continued.)

American Ornithology; or, the Natural History of Birds not given by Wilson, with Figures drawn, &c. from Nature. By Charles Lucien Bonaparte. Vol. III. atlas 4to. 1828 (published 1829). pp. 60. London, J. Miller.

THIS well-executed continuation of a work which will much enrich the literary collections of the ornithologist, contains the description and pictorial delineation of thirteen distinct species of the grouse kind. Of these, the most prominent are the *Tetrao phasianus*, or, as it has been called by Lewis and Clarke, the "cock of the plains," as analogous to our European cock of the woods: it is scarcely inferior in size, beauty, and usefulness, to the turkey; and, as the writer observes, "is entitled to the first place in the beautiful series of North American grouse;" and the *Circus Pallasii*, or "Pallas' Dipper," which has been recently discovered to be an inhabitant of North America, and was found under the Mexican sky by Bullock. The author has retained the vulgar name (given to it when first found in the Crimea) of Pallas' Dipper. We can only allude to the *Tetrao phasianellus*, a sharp-billed species, as being a recent acquisition to the Fauna of the United States;—and then hint to Messrs. Carey and Co., that had the Dominie been at our elbow when its price was named, he would have esconced his head between his shoulders, and emitted his *prodigious!* upon the counter over which our *3l. 13s. 6d.* disappeared.

Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences, Vegetable Physiology, Zoology, &c. &c. By W. Lempriere, M.D. 8vo. pp. 413. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a second edition, with two additional lectures on mammiferous animals, of a work which called forth our approbation upon its first appearance. Such approbation we have only now to repeat in favour of the new matter: the epithet "popular" is justifiably applied to these Lectures, which do credit to Dr. Lempriere, and to the Isle of Wight Philosophical Society, where they have been delivered.

A New and Comprehensive Topographical Dictionary. By John Gorton. No. I. 8vo.

LOOKING upon this as a specimen, we have to say, that it gives promise of a very comprehensive work, upon which, as it appears to us, considerable pains and labour are bestowed.

Political Fragments. By Robert Forsyth, Esq., Advocate. 12mo. pp. 225. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

WE hate politics, and wish they were all in fragments. Mr. Forsyth is anti-Catholic, anti-free-trade, and anti-ministerial—a clever,

thinking man, with whom every one must agree in parts, and, as is usual in political opinions, perhaps no one entirely.

A Compendium of Astronomy, &c. By R. T. Linnington. 12mo. pp. 359. Whittaker and Co.

A USEFUL elementary book, without any novelty to induce us to enter upon details. In fact such works are multiplied without end, and there is, after all, very little difference among them.

The Excitement; or, a Book to induce Boys to read. 18mo. pp. 418. Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

IT is a difficult thing, now-a-days, to devise a new name for a book; and we cannot say that we altogether like the *Excitement*, however well meant. This little volume is, nevertheless, a well-made collection of stirring stories; and the boy must be a dolt indeed whom it did not induce to proceed from *a b, ab*, to the final qualification of easy reading, in order to enjoy it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE evening illustrations were recommenced on Tuesday last, by a paper "on the art of etching and engraving," by the Secretary, Mr. Aikin. He first gave a short general view of the principal eras of improvement by which this art has attained its present state; from the first rude attempt of Tomaso Finguerra, the Florentine carver in metal, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to the invention of biting-in, or etching, in 1530; of re-biting, about the latter end of the last century; and of machine-engraving, which has arisen and been perfected in our own times, having originated in the rare combination of mathematical knowledge and of fine art which distinguished the late Wilson Lowry. The Secretary then proceeded to detail those several processes by which a copper-plate is etched and engraved, as well as the circumstances by which the success of the artist is affected, independently of his own skill. He commenced with the copper, and shewed at some length the advantages to be derived from employing this metal in a state of purity, both as it affected the texture of the plate, and the action of the aquafortis; he described the injury which a plate receives from excessive hammering, and the mode by which it is prepared for the use of the engraver. He next treated of the ground which is laid on the surface of the plate previous to the application of the etching needle; described the hard ground used by the old masters, and the soft ground which at present has superseded it. The different methods of reducing or tracing the design intended to be engraved, and of transferring that tracing to the surface of the etching ground, were next described. The process of biting-in or corroding, was then made the subject of remarks. Pure nitric acid, properly diluted with water, he stated, was the best menstruum for corroding the copper with; and he mentioned the chemical tests by which the purity of the acid is ascertained. The delicate process of re-biting, to which modern artists are indebted for the extreme beauty and precision of their etchings, was next adverted to, and the practical part of the subject was concluded by an account of the process of knocking up, whereby errors are cut out of the copper, and the part brought up to an equality with the

general level of the surface. Copper-plates in various states of progress were produced in illustration of the verbal descriptions and remarks, furnished chiefly by the liberality of Mr. Turrell; and impressions of plates, shewing the growth of the work from first to last, were exhibited. Of these latter, several very interesting specimens were from the Society's own collection; others were furnished by Mr. Colnaghi, Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, and Mr. Brockedon. The subject was concluded by a general comparison of the styles of modern and ancient engravers.

On the walls of the great room of the Society were displayed several splendid specimens of the finest engravings of the present day, as well as a superb copy in water-colours of Wilkie's celebrated picture of Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo. This extraordinary work of art is the property of Messrs. Moon and Co. who are preparing an engraving of it. Portfolios of characteristic specimens of etchings, both of the old and modern masters, were furnished by Mr. Howard, Mr. Fairlie, Mr. Solly, and other members of the Society.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

(Adjourned Meeting.)

EARL STANHOPE on this occasion recapitulated the charges which he brought forward at the last meeting, to which he added another; viz. that Mr. Frost had offered money to the porter of the house, requesting him to turn off the gas, in order that the business might be brought to a speedy termination! The porter, in the midst of his evidence, swooned, and was carried out of the meeting room. The charge was not prosecuted farther. Mr. Frost characterised the proceedings of the former evening as illegal; more especially as many Fellows of the Society could not vote, there being a deficiency of *balls*; consequently the resolution carried at last meeting was rendered null and void. At the close of his defence, Mr. Frost took his leave, carrying under his arm the box containing the Society's papers. About midnight the meeting again broke up, on an understanding that a motion, doing away with the office of director, should be brought forward at the anniversary meeting.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

LANDER and his brother have sailed in the merchant brig Alert from Spithead, for the western coast of Africa. They take with them a letter from the secretary of state, addressed under a flying seal to the captain of the first king's ship they may chance to fall in with after leaving the Alert, which is destined for Cape Coast Castle. The orders in this letter are to convey the travellers to Badagry, and to introduce them, in the name of our sovereign, to Adole, the king of that country, as persons in whose welfare the British government feel the most particular interest. From thence we understand they will proceed to Katunga, the capital of Yoliba, and then to Bousa, (where Mungo Park was lost,) with the intention of tracing the river Niger to its termination. Should the Niger be found to flow into the Bight of Benin, the Messrs. Lander are to return by that route; but should it be found to flow to the eastward, into the Lake Tschadan Bornou, they are to return over the Great Desert to Tripoli, by way of Fezzan. The *Portsmouth Herald* states, in addition to these particulars, that the "young men themselves are in excellent spirits, and are very sanguine."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting on Thursday, Captain Kater in the chair—a paper on the internal structure of the ear, by J. W. Chevalier, Esq., was read, accompanied by illustrative drawings. Mr. Johnson's History of English Gardening; Mr. Fellows's Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc; Professor Marianini's works on Galvanism; Mons. Hachette's Historical Notice on Steam-Engines; various Physiological Tracts, by Dr. J. Davy; and Mr. Duppa's Travels,—were among the presents. The celebrated Chevalier Aldini, of Milan, the inventor of the fire-proof dress, made of asbestos and wire gauze, was present; and several new members were elected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the last meeting, Mr. Amyot in the chair.—The Rev. Mr. Bird exhibited four seals to the Society, and a small box, supposed to have contained a relic. The conclusion of Mr. Duke's paper "on the Roman history of Wroxeter" was then read. An interesting paper was read from Mr. William Hosking, "on the ruins at Pestum;" and a paper from Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., "on a Bath in the Lipari Islands," accompanied by a very beautiful model.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Looking-Glass. Drawn and etched by W. Heath. No. I. M'Lean.

A SHEET containing nearly thirty caricatures, of various dimensions. Among the best are:—"A certain cure for corns," representing a veteran, who, having lost both his legs, is pointing to their wooden substitutes, and declaring that he has never been troubled since; "Fish Sauce," an amiable lady of Billingsgate, Ann Chovy by name, "blowing up" a fastidious customer;—"Good Plain Cooks," two humble disciples of Ude, certainly not remarkable for their beauty;—"St. James's Street, a Card," the Knave of Clubs occupying Crookford's door;—"The Siamese Youths—our Youths," the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel held together by place, and compared with the inseparable Indian twins; &c. &c.

Living made Easy. Twelve humorous subjects, designed and executed by R. Seymour. M'Lean.

With the exception of "Easy Mode of Courtship," and "Glass Cover for noisy Children," the jokes in this collection are much too elaborate to be entertaining.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

My heart is not as once it was—
Gone are its proud and early flowers;
And nought is left me but to pass
On earth a few dark weary hours:
My hopes are gone, like April blooms
That died and left no fruit behind;
My feelings lost, like rich perfumes
Flung on the careless summer wind:
Yet I have one hope still remaining—
One that shall be a certainty—
That soon shall come, my soul's unchaining,
To die—to die.

When I am in the festal throng,
The gay, the young, the proud, the vile,
When I think how to them belong
The hollow tear, the heartless smile—

When I behold the morning light
Stealing upon them unawares,
And see how ill the mirth of night

The searching glare of sunshine bears,—
I think their hearts are like their faces—
All false, all shrinking from truth's eye—
Again the wish my spirit traces
To die—to die.

When I with Nature am alone,
At the sweet birth of morning's hour,
Or when the bright sun from his throne
Looks hotly on my fresh green bower—
When I reflect, though I may love
The summer shine, the summer bloom,
That there's a language in each grove,
Which says a wintry hour shall come—
And when I think these too are fading,
The flowers will fall, the birds will fly,
I feel again the wish pervading
To die—to die.

And, more than all, when in my heart
I feel the longing to be free,
From earthly bondage to depart,
And know my immortality—
When I feel certain of the bliss
That waits me in those realms above—
A world that hath no stain of this,
No cruel scorn, no faithless love—
When I remember clouds of sorrow
There, there, shall never dim the eye,
I feel that I could wish to-morrow
To die—to die.

M. A. BROWNE.

BIOGRAPHY.

NOTES ON SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

WHILE the pen of a Campbell* is engaged in preparing a biography of the distinguished President of the Royal Academy, the public will be interested by such *gleanings* respecting him as come within the scope of a journal like the *Literary Gazette*; and we promise ourselves the satisfaction (both in this No. and hereafter) of communicating many of the most remarkable particulars of his private and professional life.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was a native of Bristol, where he was born at the White Hart Inn, then kept by his father, in Broad Street. When he was about a year old, his father removed to Devises, and exchanged his sign of the White Hart for that of the Black Bear: he was, however, unsuccessful in this speculation, and failed.

Mr. Lawrence, senior, had started in life as an exciseman, and married the daughter of a clergyman, the then incumbent of Tenbury, in Gloucestershire, by whom he had, we believe, three sons (the eldest of whom entered the church) and two daughters. He subsequently took the inn already mentioned; but on his failure, retired to Bath, where he established himself in a house in Alfred-street; and for some time owed his own support and that of his family to the talents and industry of his son Thomas, then in his boyhood.

Without favouring circumstances, therefore, it may well be ascribed to innate genius that young Lawrence at a very early period of life manifested a decided talent for the fine arts, and particularly for portraiture. We believe, that when only seven or eight years of age, he attracted great notice by his imitations of the "human face divine;" and his predilections and abilities in this pursuit led to his being placed as a pupil under the care of Mr. Hoare of Bath, the father of the much-esteemed Mr.

Prince Hoare, and a crayon painter of exquisite taste, fancy, and feeling. Under such a master, it is not surprising that Lawrence should acquire those qualities of grace, elegance, and spirit, which rendered him so truly the artist of patrician dignity and loveliness. He was himself almost a model in this respect; and was in his youth so beautiful, that Mr. Hoare said of him, if he had to choose a head for a picture of Christ, he would select Lawrence for that study. At first he executed crayon likenesses, in the manner of his instructor;—and a friend of ours has seen two of these portraits of ladies in red jackets, with hats and feathers, the then fashionable though unsightly costume of the fashionable of Bath, for which he was paid *ten shillings and sixpence each*. Yet in their finish they partook of the extreme delicacy of his latest productions.

In a short while, the future President confined his exertions almost entirely to the production of small oval portraits in crayons, which were sold at a guinea a-piece. He was, at the same time, much noticed and patronised by the Hon. John Hamilton, a member of the Abercorn family, who resided on Lunsdown Hill, and contributed greatly towards the cultivation of the young artist's talents, as well by pecuniary encouragement as by affording him access to some very fine scriptural pieces, the production of the old masters, in his possession. Another of his early patrons was Sir Henry Harpur, a Derbyshire baronet of fortune and liberality, who even went so far as to offer to send the lad to Italy at his own expense, and to dedicate a thousand pounds to that purpose; but the proposal was declined by the father, (who was naturally very proud of his son), on the alleged ground, that "Thomas's genius stood in need of no such aid." Personal motives of a less disinterested nature might, it is to be feared, have had their share in producing this decision; his son's pencil being, as we have already seen, at that period, the main prop of the whole family.

But the most remarkable incident in the life of young Lawrence during his residence at Bath, was his receiving the great silver pallet from the Society of Arts;—an event of which he spoke at a recent anniversary of that Society in terms of the warmest gratitude, ascribing to this encouragement and honour much of that enthusiastic feeling and love of his art which had raised him to his eminent station. As the documents respecting this transaction are very interesting, we have copied them from the MS. proceedings of the Society in the Adelphi. The first entry appears under the date of March 9th, 1784, and is as follows:

"Resolved,—That as the drawing marked G. appears, by a date upon it, to have been executed in the year 1782, it cannot, according to the conditions, page 197, be admitted a candidate."

In consequence of this difficulty, it appears that inquiries had been instituted; and on the 30th of March we find the annexed record:

"Took into consideration the drawings of the Transfiguration marked G., and opened the paper containing the name of the candidate, according to the directions of the Society, and it appeared to the committee that the candidate was T. Lawrence, aged 13, 1783, in Alfred Street, Bath.

"The committee having received satisfactory information that the production is entirely the work of the young man."

"Resolved,—To recommend to the Society to give the greater silver pallet gilt, and five guineas, to Mr. T. Lawrence, as a token of the Society's approbation of his abilities."

The grant of five guineas was a very uncommon thing at this period of the Society's history, and shews how highly Lawrence's

* Colburn and Bentley have announced a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by his friend and admirer the poet Thomas Campbell.

performance—the Transfiguration of Raphael, in crayons—was appreciated by his judges; one of whom, the chairman of the committee, was Valentine Green, the celebrated engraver. Mrs. Cocking, the well-informed housekeeper of this Institution, tells us that she remembers the occasion perfectly; that her mother (as every body else) was much struck by the extraordinary beauty of the young artist, whose light hair hung in profusion around his fresh and charming countenance. She also describes his father as a tall, large, and eccentric person, dressed in the style of the old school, in a full-bottomed wig, with a small cocked hat perched on the top of it.

From Bath, as we observe it stated in the newspapers, he appears to have gone to Salisbury, while yet in his teens, and practised there with considerable success. A Mr. Hancock is mentioned as the possessor of portraits, in coloured chalk, of his grandfather Dr. Hancock (a physician at Salisbury), and his daughter, which were painted at this period, and previous to Lawrence's removal to London.

In this grand mart, and scene of enterprise, he had flourished more than forty years, nearly ten of which at the head of the fine arts, as President of the Royal Academy, when his brilliant career was so prematurely terminated.

Richly endowed by nature, and gifted with various talents, it was impossible that such a man should not attain to eminent distinction; and concurrent circumstances were also very favourable to him. The opening of the Continent may be reckoned one of the most auspicious events that could have happened to an artist of his celebrity; and the splendid commission which he received from his royal patron, the King, to paint the Sovereigns and most exalted individuals of this extraordinary age, was another of those rare instances of good fortune which it can be the lot of few indeed to enjoy. His pleasing manners, too, gave him access to the best and most polished society—an inestimable advantage to the portrait-painter, and one to the value of which almost all his productions bear striking testimony. A first-rate portrait-painter ought, if possible, to be a man of education; but, at all events, he must be a gentleman!

But we should observe that Sir Thomas Lawrence was ambitious of the still higher honours of his art; and if we recall to memory the evidence which he gave to the committee of the House of Commons touching the Elgin Marbles, we shall find that he ardently aspired to the glory of an historical painter, though the calls of an inferior branch held him bound in trammels through which he could not break. On this subject, the following letter, for which we are indebted to a friend, throws new light:

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, Jan. 11.

SIR,—The public Journals that I have seen, in noticing the lamented death of the late President of the Royal Academy, have represented him as never having aspired beyond the line of mere portrait painting—in which it is admitted he was pre-eminent. It is, however, known to many, that years have elapsed since he selected from Milton a subject for a grand composition, and that his thoughts have been recently and anxiously employed on the reconsideration of it. An accidental circumstance alone prevented the work to which I allude from meeting the eye of the public, at this place, during the last season; and had his valuable life been spared but for a few months, I have no doubt it would have made its appearance in that which is ensuing, and that the lovers of art would then have had to lament that his increasing occupation as a portrait-painter should have precluded him from cultivating the higher, though far less lucrative, branch of his profession. I am, &c. GEORGE LACKINGTON.

We have alluded to the various talents with which Sir T. Lawrence was gifted: his mind, indeed, was stored with a combination of re-

finer and graceful qualities seldom found united in one person. Of music,* the drama, and poetry, he was particularly fond; and, as we are informed, no mean adept in their cultivation. A gentleman of sound judgment, to whom he has read some of his poetical compositions, writes to us—"Sir Thomas occasionally tried his hand in the sister art of poetry; and some of his pieces he has read to me, which, although in my opinion not devoid of sufficient merit, he was too diffident to suffer to be made public. Two or three of his addresses to the students of the Royal Academy I have seen in print, but they were only for private distribution."

"His last public duty (says the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, in its weekly précis of domestic intelligence) was the delivering of the Academy's biennial medals, which took place about three weeks ago: the affectionate eloquence of his speech on that occasion will never be forgotten by the students, who, alas! little imagined that he was then addressing them for the last time for ever."

So late as the Tuesday preceding his decease, Sir Thomas was busily employed in the committee of the Athenæum, making arrangements for the opening of the new house: he was particularly animated on the subject of internal decoration, and took a great interest in procuring works of art to adorn the interior. He had himself promised to paint and present a portrait of his Majesty, to be placed in the library; and was at work upon it even on Wednesday, within thirty hours of his death—intending, (alas, for human intentions!) as he declared, to finish and have it in its place next week.

To his townsman Baily the sculptor, Lawrence seems to have been much attached; and he certainly could not have shewn his preference for a more modest and admirable artist. He had not only assured him that he would never sit for his bust to another, but, having postponed it from time to time, he only a few days previous to Thursday the 7th, (on which he died), appointed Tuesday the 12th for his first sitting. Mr. Baily, instead of modelling the living, has taken a mask of the dead, and is now employed upon this posthumous bust. It was Sir Thomas's declared purpose to have a medal by Wyon, from Baily's work; and we trust the public, and the lovers of the arts, will not be disappointed in either.

Reverting to his dramatic tastes, in these desultory memoranda, we have heard that Sir Thomas Lawrence was not only an amateur, but an accomplished actor, as he had frequently proved by his performances in private theatricals. His long and close intimacy with the Kemble family may, to a certain degree, be ascribed to congenial feelings on these points;

but it is also said, that an attachment to a daughter of Mrs. Siddons (who died in the bloom of beauty) had a strong influence upon his histrionic efforts, as well as upon his real existence. His latest performance (as we observed on Saturday) affords countenance to this statement: in the Fanny Kemble of another generation he, perhaps, revived his slumbering sympathies: we know that he painted this portrait with intense ardour—that he threw an air of secrecy over it—and that when finished he spoke of it as one of his most successful works. We are not too fond of romance in this dull round of life; but there is a charm in the simple fact just recorded, which we should regret to see dissipated by sterner truth (if the truth be against it). We like to imagine that Lawrence's first love and last picture were connected by so fine a tie as the dark grave of buried affection and the bright dawning of young female genius.

We last week mentioned a portrait of Sir Thomas by himself, a sight of which was seldom granted even to his intimates: it was sometimes a jest upon him, that he had painted it from his likeness of Canning, to whom he was, and well might be, proud of bearing a resemblance. Besides this, a portrait of Lawrence, with those of his two brothers and his sister, exists in a well-known series of prints, after Westall, illustrative of the ceremonies of the church.

As the subject of portrait reminds us of autographs, we may notice that his hand-writing was peculiar, and very similar to the style of Titian and Dante, as we have seen in their manuscripts.

In conversation, Lawrence was most at home in matters connected with the arts. "Almost the last time I was with him, (says a friend), was on a Sunday morning, when I rode with him to church in Regent Street. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* had just appeared, in which there was a comparison made between him and Mr. Martin: he observed the article was written by some one who knew but little of the arts; and the comparison put him in mind of the old inquiry—How far is it from the first of January to the top of St. Paul's?"

The common saying, that comparisons are odious, was perhaps fully substantiated by this review, with which, we gather, neither of the parties were pleased: for Martin could not relish a compliment paid at the expense of justice to a part of his labours in which he has taken infinite pains to remedy his original deficiency—we mean in the drawing of his figures; of which the reviewer, in spite of notorious amendment, spoke as if he had never improved one step from his first to his last productions.

We have already described the late President as a man of winning address and gentle manners: there were but two persons of whom he could not speak without displaying considerable irritation. One of these was our regretted favourite Harlow—with all his affections and little eccentricities, an artist of the highest order, and one who, had he lived, would have been, when the follies of youth had been long discarded and forgotten, an honour to himself, to the arts, and to his country. Like him, we fear, and like too many of the sons of genius, Lawrence had himself been extravagant in his youth;—anticipating hopes which, though realised by success, generally fail to satisfy the claims it was calculated they would more than extinguish. So true is it, that a guinea beforehand is worth five to come. With all his immense receipts, it is understood that Sir T. Lawrence has, from

* In the "Miscellanies of the Hon. Daines Barrington," a quarto volume published in 1781, the author, speaking of the early proofs of musical genius exhibited by the Earl of Mornington, father to the Duke of Wellington, takes occasion to mention the talent for a sister art displayed by a boy in the ninth year of his age. This boy afterwards became Sir Thomas Lawrence. Mr. Barrington's words are—"As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I cannot here pass unnoticed Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at the Devas, in Wiltshire. This boy is now (viz. February 1780) nearly ten years and a half old: but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style; and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton or Shakspeare."

early encumbrances and a profuse expenditure, which difficulties always aggravate, died poor. His noble collection, however, especially rich in drawings of the old masters, is estimated to be worth above £50,000; and as his executor, Mr. Keightley, is not only well versed in business, but a friend, it is probable that affairs may be wound up in a way respectful to his memory.

That Sir Thomas ever indulged a passion for play,* is a calumny which, to those who knew his habits and feelings on the subject, requires no refutation; at the same time, it will not excite surprise, that among others who heard of his large receipts, and were aware of his occasional embarrassments, an opinion should be unadvisedly adopted, affording a ready solution to the question,—what became of his money? His ardent passion, however, for the fine arts in general, and especially for that branch of them to which his own time was more particularly devoted, caused him to expend immense sums in their encouragement, and in the purchase of the works of the first masters, of whose drawings he gradually accumulated his unrivalled collection. His benevolence towards the sons of genius, less favoured by fortune, was also dealt out with no stinted allowance. Numerous instances of this we could adduce and substantiate, were we not restrained by motives which must be obvious: it is, however, gratifying to know, that since his decease, the right feelings of many of those who profited by his kindness have overcome the natural reluctance to publish their obligations.

We are not aware of the situation of his kindred and relatives: his dearest connexion, it is reported, though irreconcilable with the strict rules of morality and virtue, was not long since dissolved by death; and the melancholy which has from that time preyed upon his spirits did not escape the observation of his friends. A noble marchioness wrote two months ago, that he (who was then on a visit to her) looked deplorably ill, and like a broken-hearted man: on another occasion, while conversing about some losses, a friend observed—"This is not enough to account for your depression." The tears started to his eyes, and in profound dejection he alluded to a severer calamity. The lady, we have heard, was Mrs. W., the wife of a foreign minister, whose brutal treatment threw her upon the protection of Sir T. Lawrence.

But though, no doubt, his health might be affected by this sorrow, yet we are informed that the immediate cause of death, as ascertained by Dr. Holland and Mr. Green,† on a post-mortem examination, was an extensive disease of the heart. On Thursday, after bleeding, the former gentleman left him in an alarming condition; and when sent for again hastily at night, his visit was too late—the patient was no more.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's kindness to his dependants may be inferred from the ensuing facts, for the truth of which we can avouch. On the death of his housekeeper, an elderly female, who had superintended the management of his home for several years, he not only incurred a considerable expense in bestowing on her a very handsome funeral, but followed her him-

self to the grave: while, towards a man-servant who had spent some time in his employment, his conduct was of a still nobler description; and such, perhaps, as is rarely paralleled. This person was seized with a lingering illness, the nature of which rendered it evident to the medical attendant, that though a few months must inevitably put a period to his existence here, his decease might yet be retarded by quiet and country air. Sir Thomas, on the fact being announced to him by the physician he had called in, not only went himself and took a comfortable lodging for the invalid in the neighbourhood of Kilburne, but subsequently gave up no small portion of what to him was more precious than money, his time; and would frequently hurry away from his academical duties and professional pursuits, to pass an hour by the bed-side of the sufferer, in reading to him the Scriptures of truth, and smoothing his passage to the grave by personal attentions,—this, too, during a protracted period of many weeks.

The funeral is to be public, and on the same scale as Sir J. Reynolds's. The body will lie in state at Somerset House on Tuesday or Wednesday—(what a contradiction in terms! a corrupting corpse lying in state!)—and the burial will take place at St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday next. The procession is to move from Somerset House at half-past 10 o'clock; and it is supposed that the ceremony will occupy at least four hours. The arrangement embraces the family relatives of the deceased—the Academicians—the students of the Academy—and noble and distinguished persons to close the line. The site selected for his last resting-place is in the vault beneath the south aisle, in the immediate vicinity of the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, and only divided by the late President West from that of Sir Joshua. The remains of Opie, Barry, Dawe, (at whose funeral we ourselves saw Sir Thomas acting with the Russian Ambassador as pall-bearer, only a few weeks since), and other distinguished artists, occupy the ground adjoining. His Majesty has given orders that his private carriage shall head the funeral train. The spectacle will, we presume, be very imposing and solemn. The students, in particular, will have cause to meditate deeply. It is a few short weeks since their President and great Example addressed them on delivering the rewards and honours to which, beginning their career, they had entitled themselves: they may now behold the end of the dazzling course. He who spoke to them so affectionately and so encouragingly; he whose talents led him through flowery paths to fame;—he will, on this occasion, point a far more useful moral, and, it is to be hoped, not without its effect on the ardent and enthusiastic minds that may contemplate the scene.

The President has left many pictures unfinished, which throw much into the hands of his survivors. His prices were very high—six hundred pounds for a whole length, of which a moiety was paid at the first sitting. Were we among the fortunate possessors of such productions, we would more cheerfully preserve a likeness where the features were completed, without its draperies and accessories, than give thrice the sum for the finished picture. His heads merely painted in were exquisitely fine. Among his latest portraits thus painted, is one of Moore, for Mr. Murray.

The question of succession to his chair still gives rise to much discussion. In our last *Gazette*, on enumerating the parties named, we most inadvertently omitted Jackson; and we are anxious to set ourselves right, by con-

fessing that this was a mere oversight in the hurry of throwing our brief remarks into form for the press waiting to receive them,—for we have a very high opinion of Mr. Jackson's talents. In the course of the week, we have heard almost every other eminent artist in the Academy mentioned as a fit candidate for the presidency. Soane and Wyattville, architects; Westmacott and Chantrey, sculptors; Turner and Calcott, landscape painters; and all men of deserved celebrity. The difficulty seems to be to unite the great artist and the man of the world; for the duties of the president require a knowledge of society as well as a prominent station in art. In this union Lawrence was pre-eminently happy; which makes the choice more difficult. The golden medal with which our King adorned the breast of the president could not shine upon a nobler-looking form: in the mingled *conversazione*, such as "the Artists' and Amateurs'," which he had promised to attend on Friday evening, few could display the urbanity and kindly feeling which seemed natural to him: and in such speeches as were demanded from him at public meetings which duty or benevolence led him to attend, he displayed a degree of judgment, taste, and eloquence, which always made a powerful impression upon his auditors.

The President of the Royal Academy derives no emolument from his office, and very little patronage—such as having a few more tickets for the private views of the Exhibition, and the annual dinner. It is a place which demands considerable attention and assiduity, as he has to take the chair at all councils, and generally direct the multifarious business of the Institution, besides addresses, and other public employment. The election is appointed for the 25th, and rests in the entire body of the Academy—i. e. all the Royal Academicians. The keeper (Mr. Hilton, now,) is usually at the head of the Academy during an interregnum, as the present: he presides at the ballot, where every name is eligible; and the final choice is made by a second ballot on the two Academicians who have the highest number of votes at the previous scrutiny.

Adding the unceasing pressure upon our time, we must commit this paper to the candour of our readers with all its imperfections on its head. We could have wished it less sketchy and more matured; but thought it preferable to offer what we had, than to wait for farther inquiry and elaboration to enable us to write a better digest. We have, however, other materials in view; and in the mean time have only to append a few observations from the pen of Mr. Pyne, whose long and intimate acquaintance with the arts gives value to his sentiments.

Precocity of talent is, perhaps, never more rarely exhibited than in painting, which, though one of the professions mainly depending upon imitation, is included within the pale of the imaginative arts. Infant poets, infant musicians, infant orators, infant linguists, and infant mathematicians, have appeared, not unfrequently, in every civilised country. It is true, that many schoolboys have been supposed by their fond parents to have evinced an intuitive *genius* for painting, from their propensity for scribbling on the blank leaves or margins of their lexicons, as did the illustrious Sir Joshua Reynolds: his father, however, who was a man of sense, wrote upon one of these attempts at pictorial imitation which his son made in his tenth year, "This was done by *Josh* in pure idleness!"

* In his youth he was one of the best billiard-players in England; but gave up the cue on hearing it said by an academic friend, that this being talked of would ruin him in his profession.

† The post-mortem examination, since published in the newspapers, has confirmed this. It is a curious coincidence, that a Mr. Green awarded Lawrence his first honour in the arts—that Mr. Green was his own dramatic *solusque*—and that Mr. Green performed the last surgical office on his corpse.

The late George Morland, and some few other clever artists, it must be acknowledged, gave demonstrations of graphic talent in their infancy; but these were the progeny of painters or engravers; and it is not uncommon for children, urged by that passion for imitation which seems to be instinctive with the human race, to exhibit in their infancy a sort of aptitude for doing of that which is ever doing before them.

The lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence may be quoted as one rare instance, in whom a decided predilection, or precocity of talent, for the art in which he became so great a master, developed itself at an early period of his infancy; and this is the more memorable, as he had seen nothing of that art. He may be said to have been born with an almost intuitive capacity for portraiture; for he wrought obvious likenesses with the pencil and the pen, whilst a child in petticoats; and before he had completed his tenth year, he drew portraits with decided character, taste, and spirit. Of this early ability, numerous anecdotes are in circulation. The following, however, is one very little known; but our readers may rely on its authenticity. The late Lord Kenyon, some twelve years previous to his elevation to the peerage, was passing with his lady through Devizes, in his way to Bath; and stopped at the Bear, then kept by the father of the embryo President. The host, —as we have elsewhere noticed— a remarkably well-formed fine-looking man, but with great eccentricity both of dress and manner, was particularly fond of reading aloud the works of Shakespeare and Milton, especially the latter, which he did uncommonly well, and was delighted when he could get any of his guests to listen to him. On this occasion he was very fortunate in his auditors, who not only heard his recitations with approbation, but took a still livelier interest in his son Thomas, then a fine little fellow about six years old, who was riding round the room upon a cane, and whose talent for sketching likenesses had, at that early age, become the theme of his father's panegyric. The skill of the young artist was at once put to the test; and in an almost incredibly short period, he produced two portraits, in profile, of his visitors, no less remarkable for the ease and spirit of their execution than for the accuracy of the resemblance. Indeed, Lady Kenyon always declared, that of all the portraits of her husband which she had ever seen, none came up in point of fidelity to this juvenile sketch. Sir Thomas himself, in after life, was, as is well known, distinguished for the elegance with which he read and recited. We have even heard it asserted, that he, on one occasion, appeared under an assumed name (that of Green, we believe,) on the boards of a patent theatre. It is difficult now to determine how far this taste for recitation may have originally received its direction from the influence of paternal example or instruction.

In most, it may be asserted, that with all our most celebrated painters, the art has commenced, proceeded, and attained to maturity, by the native mental strength and perceptions of each individual master; for few indeed have been disciples of others; and we have no public or private academies in which the art is taught, as has been the practice in all other countries wherein painting has been cultivated with success.

So much greater, then, is the merit of the self-taught painters of the British school;—that school, thus unaided, can boast the pro-

duction of works in every style, from lofty epic composition down to the humble study of still-life, comparable with those of any existing, and in many branches superior to all contemporary schools, and not inferior to the greatest schools of olden times.

From the commencement of Sir Joshua Reynolds's practice, after his return from Italy, the English school took the lead of all others in portraiture, and maintained it whilst he lived. His illustrious course almost ended, the highly gifted Lawrence arose, who was destined to continue our national reputation, by becoming his illustrious successor.

Lawrence's first appearance as an exhibitor at Somerset House was in 1787 (when 666 pictures, &c. &c. formed the collection); and the catalogue was comprised in 26 pages. Here we find T. Lawrence, at No. 4, Leicester Square, with seven productions, namely, No. 184. Mad Girl; 207. Portrait of a Lady; 229. Portrait of a young Lady; 231. Portrait of a Lady; 234. Mrs. Esten, in the character of Belvidera; 255. Vestal Virgin; and 268. Portrait of a young Lady. Next year, the artist resided in Jermyn Street; and sent six of his performances, all portraits. In 1789, still 41, Jermyn Street, he exhibited no fewer than thirteen pieces, and was evidently advancing rapidly in his profession, as three of the portraits are of "Ladies of Quality," besides his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and a head from nature. In 1790, among twelve pictures we notice the Princess Amelia, Her Majesty, a Nobleman's Son, a General Officer, and a celebrated Actress. In 1791, his abode was 24, Old Bond Street; and Homer reciting his Poems is the first subject we meet with in his name.

In 1792, the prosperous record runs, "Thomas Lawrence, a Principal Painter in ordinary to His Majesty;" and his chief pictures are a Lady of Fashion as *La Pensive*, and a Portrait of His Majesty!

When the beautiful whole-length portrait of Miss Farren appeared, Lawrence was only in his twenty-first year: it was exhibited at Somerset House as a pendant to Sir Joshua's celebrated whole length of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia. The noble candour of this great man was then manifested by the unqualified applause which he bestowed on this work of the young painter; and he then predicted the honours which Mr. Lawrence would obtain for himself, his country, and his art.

The career of Sir Thomas Lawrence may in many respects be likened to that of his great predecessor. They both led a life of celibacy; the talent of each was no sooner demonstrated than it at once was appreciated, and it was throughout life the fortune of each to be honoured and esteemed, not only by all the great and the enlightened of every rank and class, but to experience the rare felicity of being equally respected and esteemed by the members of their own profession. No competitor for public favour expressed envy, nor took offence at the praises bestowed upon either, on the score of their acknowledged pre-eminence.

The humble historian of these facts knew Sir Thomas well, even from the period of his first drawing at the Royal Academy. He had the honour also to know Sir Joshua, and well remembers the sensation that was universally felt on the announcement of his death. He can never forget the intense feeling which was excited by the beautiful *apostrophe* which appeared in the public journals the day after his decease,—the prompt effusion of the pen of his affectionate friend, the illustrious Burke.

Would that the pen now held o'er this no less fond memorial could render like justice to the honoured *manes* of Lawrence!—but public sympathy needs no excitement. A man so rare as he, may be said to hold consanguinity with all the great and good; and a whole nation now mourns his loss.

The late Owen, of esteemed memory, decidedly one of the brightest stars of the Royal Academy, once complained to the writer of this, that Lawrence, though deserving of his high reputation, owed much of his fame to the fortunate circumstance of that monopoly of personages most distinguished for rank, beauty, and elegance, which was exclusively reserved for his pencil. Such superior models, in every sense, gave him the advantage over his competitors; for every one knows the difficulty of competing with him who is borne to fame upon the full tide of fashion.

It is likely now that we may witness no small improvement in the taste of those painters who have not hitherto participated in these advantages; for patrician elegance, grace, and beauty, will of necessity be driven to seek the *studio* of these afore-named; and such prototypes thus diffused, we may reasonably expect to see begetting a generous competition amongst the portrait-painters for the prize of pictorial elegance and graphic beauty.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MADAME VESTRIS has commenced her engagement here, and *Artaxerxes* was performed, with her *Young Prince*, on Tuesday last. The farce of *The Citizen* was revived, in which she made a lively *Maria*. The pantomime followed, to the great delight of the Siamese Youths, whose first appearance, in conjunction with that of Madame Vestris, had attracted a very numerous audience.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. WADE, the author of that very dull but cleverly written play, called *Woman's Love, or the Trial of Patience*, has produced a new farce here, called the *Phrenologists*, which is in exact converse to his play,—full of bustle and insufferable nonsense. Judging from this second specimen of Mr. Wade's dramatic writing, we should say, he must be either utterly ignorant of theatrical matters, or impressed with a most extraordinary belief in his own powers, as we defy him to choose two subjects more uncongenial to the stage than the story of Patient Grizzle, or the Science of Phrenology. As we had, and have still, hopes, from a smart line here and there, that Mr. Wade may one day write something worth hearing, we shall not enter into a detail of the present abortion, which, from the oaths and obscenities with which it abounds, we should imagine can never have been read by our immaculate Licensor. To use the jargon of his own dialogue, we should imagine the development of the dramatist's head who could produce such a farce as the *Phrenologists*, to be nearly as follows:—

Constructiveness.....	small.
Ideality.....	small.
Imagination.....	small.
Amativeness.....	large.
Caution.....	wanting.
Veneration.....	wanting.
Language.....	approaching deformity.
Confidence.....	enormous!

VARIETIES.

Voyage of Discovery.—The French sloop of war, *La Dordogne*, Captain Mathieu, is about

immediately to proceed on a voyage round the world. By desire of the French Ministry, the Académie des Sciences has appointed a committee to prepare particular instructions for her commander.

The March of Intellect.—Among his other improvements, the Pasha of Egypt, besides sending young men to Europe to pursue their studies, has commenced a newspaper at Boulaq, the port of Cairo, which is published twice a week! It is entitled *News of Egypt*, of the common folio form, and in two columns, the one Turkish, and the other Arabic.

The Royal Society of Antiquaries of France have, we observe, elected Mr. Ellis, the Principal Librarian at the British Museum, one of their Foreign Associates.

University Honours.—The Hulsean prize at Cambridge has been adjudged to Thomas Myers, Scholar of Trinity College, for his essay on the following subject:—"What was the extent of the knowledge which the Jews had of a future state at the time of our Saviour's appearance?" The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year:—"On the Futility of Attempts to represent the Miracles recorded in Scripture as Effects produced in the ordinary course of Nature."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

The Fire-King.—The Fire-King, M. Chabert, has been assailed upon his throne. A printed disclosure of his secret has been addressed to us; and as we are more willing that some of our resolute readers should assay the process than ourselves (seeing that the damage of our writing hand, were it only for six weeks, would be extremely inconvenient to us), we give it publicity without fee or reward. If you anoint your hands with two ounces of bol armenian, one ounce of quicksilver, half an ounce of camphor, and two ounces of brandy (well mixed together), it seems that you may steep them in a pot of boiling lead. If you prepare yourself with liquid storax (a juice produced from a tree called casper baum in Italy and elsewhere), you may enter a fire—eat fire—have a seal put on your tongue (we advise no female to try it)—or, "finally" (to use the author's words) "swallow boiling oil." This storax also enables you to undergo baking in an oven; and as for taking poisons, the author says, "it is easy enough if you have an antidote afterwards;"—to all which we heartily subscribe, though we cannot in our mathematical consciences add Q. E. D.

Science.—The voyage of *La Chevette* (French vessel, which has returned from a scientific mission) has produced a fine collection of natural history, as well as interesting facts relative to the improvement of geography, the magnetism of the earth, and meteorology. The experiments on the horizontal needle will, it is said, determine many points of the line without declination; and the observations upon inclination will serve to trace the magnetic equator, whose position in the Indies can only be founded on old measurements, which are in general very imperfect. It is thought that these measurements will confirm what has been already discovered, relative to the movement which gradually conveys the line without declination from east to west; and it is considered probable that they will also decide a still more uncertain problem, viz. whether the removal of the line in question is or is not accompanied by a change in its formation. The meteorological observations are also highly important. Two conclusions of much interest are drawn, viz. that the rays of the sun produce a diminished effect near the equator;

and that salt water has not, like fresh water, a maximum of density previous to congelation.

Life Restored.—Among other curious inquiries carried on by the savans of Paris, we were lately struck by the details of success which had attended the experiment of inflating the lungs of a still-born child, by blowing into them. A case was reported of a still-born infant, which was taken to M. Portal, who, when about to dissect it, conceived the idea of blowing into its mouth. At the end of two or three minutes warmth returned, the blood circulated, the heart began to beat, and the child was sent back alive to its parents. A similar thing was stated to have occurred to a surgeon at Lyons, who communicated it at the time to M. Portal.

La Méthode Jacotot.—A new system of universal instruction, which has originated in the Netherlands, and which is called, from the name of its alleged inventor, the Jacotot method, is at present undergoing much discussion on the continent, and especially at Paris. To give some idea of the contrariety of opinions on the subject, it will be sufficient to quote the conclusions of two pamphlets which have been published respecting it; the one by M. Joseph Rey, of Grenoble, the other by M. Durivan, a retired colonel of engineers. M. Rey says,—"To recapitulate: I think I have proved, first, that M. Jacotot's method rests on principles as certain as fertile in results; secondly, that it may be advantageously applied to the acquisition of every description of knowledge."—"Hence, on the other hand," observes Colonel Durivan, "it is evident, that so much incoherence in the elements of this method, so many capital errors in their selection and combination, must render it a pernicious conception; the direct tendency of which would be to retain students in an eternal childhood, after having thrown upon them some false lights, calculated to dazzle the ignorant multitude."

Robert Burns.—An original portrait of this glory of Scotland has, it is stated in papers from the North, been found, and is about to be engraved. A good likeness of this extraordinary man is a great desideratum; the usual portrait of him being heavy and common-place.

To make a beautiful Liquid Green.—Take a pound of verdigris, and half a pound of white tartar in powder, mix them well together, and soak them during one night in two pints of strong vinegar, which are to be boiled until the quantity is diminished one-half. When it has been left for two days, pour it into a glass bottle, or filter it.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*.

Theatres.—We received last week, delivered with our morning newspaper, orders for six persons to one of the minor theatres, who were to be admitted to any part of the house on paying a shilling. Surely such practices must not only make the place a blackguard resort, but do general mischief to the Drama. Our neighbours in Paris do not go so far in the road of degradation, though it appears they have their evils too. It is stated in a Paris paper, *Le Journal des Comédiens*, that owing to the system of issuing tickets to performers and others connected with the Théâtre Port St. Martin, the proprietors sustain a loss of more than 1,000*l.* per annum. These tickets, one hundred and eight in number, are disposed of by theatrical agents at a reduced price. It should be observed, however, that but for this concession to the possessors of the privilege, the amount of salary would be much greater. The chief evil is the introduction, into the best places of the theatre, of persons of a low class,

who would otherwise pay for admission to inferior situations.

Method of Preserving Vinegar according to the process of Scheele.—Put the vinegar in a well-cleaned vessel, and let it boil a quarter of a minute; then pour it into bottles, which should be properly corked. Or it may be put in bottles, and warmed in hot water, when the water is in a state of ebullition: it may then be kept for several years without changing, and without its being necessary to keep it from the contact of the air, or in vessels entirely filled.

Spontaneous Generation.—In a report made to the French Academy on a memoir submitted to his opinion, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire states that he does not consider the question of spontaneous generation as entirely set at rest. He readily admits that facts may show that what appears to be so, is a fallacy; but he maintains that those facts have not yet been observed.

More Monsters.—Another bicephalous child was, it appears, born in France, in the department of the Pyrenees, two months after Christina-Ritta, perfectly resembling the latter in its organisation.

Cuba.—The white population of Cuba is estimated at 259,267 persons; the free blacks at 154,057; the slaves at 225,131; giving a total of 638,455.

Russian Literature.—The second edition of a pamphlet entitled "O Voenigodakh i Pravakh Rossiskikh Pisatelei, &c." (the Advantages and the Rights of Authors in Russia), signed with the initials P. K., and attributed to M. Pierre de Koepen, to whom Russian literature is already indebted for several works, full of erudition, and calculated to throw great light on her history, has been published at Moscow. The author examines the following questions:—first, will the cultivation of letters in Russia ensure an independent and honourable existence to a man who has no other source of income? secondly, can the author, translator, or editor of a work, as well as his heirs, protect it from piracy; and what is the extent of his rights in that respect? From this and other publications of a similar nature it would seem that Russia has done more for the benefit and protection of literary men than many nations who long preceded her in the career of civilisation.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 111, Jan. 16th, 1830.]
Moore's Life of Lord Byron, Vol. 1. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.
Lander's Records of Clapperton's Expedition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Country Curate, by the author of "the Subaltern," 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Major's Phenomena of Euripides, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—St. George's History of England, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Literary Blue-Book, 5*s.*—Batty's Cities, No. 1. Imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.*; royal 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.*; proofs, 1*l.* 5*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 7	From 36. to 43.	29.75 to 29.84
Friday... 8	— 29. — 37.	29.98 — 30.06
Saturday... 9	— 27. — 40.	30.06 — 29.89
Sunday... 10	— 31. — 37.	29.76 — 29.73
Monday... 11	— 30. — 37.	29.66 — 29.56
Tuesday... 12	— 27. — 31.	29.72 — 29.89
Wednesday 13	— 25. — 31.	29.85 — 29.71

Prevailing wind, N.W.
Except the 10th and 11th, generally cloudy, with heavy falls of snow.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * We have given our pages so largely to the most striking literary work of the day, and to the interesting topic of the late President, Sir T. Lawrence, that many other papers, not of so pressing a character, are unavoidably postponed.

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